

THE  
CITY JILT;  
OR, THE  
*Alderman turn'd Beau:*  
A SECRET  
HISTORY.

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*Virtue now, nor noble Blood,  
Nor Wit by Love is understood ;  
Gold alone does Passion move :  
Gold monopolizes Love.*

COWLEY.

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THE SECOND EDITION.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the Oxford-Arms,  
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THE  
CITY  
OR THE  
ALBANY  
A SECRET  
HISTORY



COWLEY

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LONDON

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in Newgate Lane. MDCCLXXV





THE  
CITY JILT;  
OR, THE  
Alderman turn'd BEAU:



*LICER A* was the Daughter of an eminent Tradesman, the Reputation of whose Riches drew a greater Number of Admirers to his House, than the Beauty of his fair Daughter's Person; tho' she was really one of the most lovely and accomplished Women of the Age. The most favour'd of all who made Pretensions

sions to her, was young *Melladore*, the Son of a near Neighbour; he was handsome, witty, well made, and seem'd to have an infinity of Affection for her. With all these Endowments therefore, join'd to an Equality of Birth and Fortune, 'tis not to be wonder'd at that he was well received by the Father of *Glicera*, as well as by herself. Nothing happening between them but what is common to Persons in the Circumstances they were, I shall pass over in silence the Days of their Courtship, and only say that their mutual Affection encreasing the more they knew each other's Temper; and every thing being agreed on by the Relations on both sides, a Day was appointed for the Celebration of their Nuptials.

Now did this enamour'd Pair think of nothing but approaching Joys, all the delightful Visions with which the God of Love deludes his Votaries, play'd before their Eyes, and formed a thousand Day-dreams of an imaginary Heaven of Pleasure—with equal Ardour, equal Languishment did both long for the happy Minute which was to crown their Loves,—the impatient Youth with fierce and vigorous Wishes burn'd, the tender Maid in soft Desires dissolv'd.—Alas! she knew not yet the meaning of those tumultuous Agitations, which at every Kiss and fond Embrace she received from the amorous *Melladore*, made her Heart flutter  
with



with disordered Beatings, the Blood flow fast through each throbbing Vein, and a wild Mixture of Delight and Pain invade her every Faculty :— But he, more experienced, was not ignorant what it was, for which he sigh'd ; scarce cou'd he refrain taking those Advantages which her Innocence and Love afforded him, to make him Master of the supremest Bliss that Passion can demand, or Beauty yield ; and the Agonies of suppress'd Desire would sometimes rise to such a Height, that nothing but the extremest Respect could have enabled him to endure them, rather than be guilty of the least Action which might shock the timorous Bashfulness of her virgin Soul.

In this Position were their Hearts, while those necessary Preparations were about, for the rendering magnificent that Ceremony which was to put an end to the Lover's Impatience, and the Virgin's Scruples. There now wanted but one Day of that which was to be the happy one, and 'tis difficult to say whether *Melladore*, or his intended Bride, felt the greater Satisfaction at the near Approach. But to what Vicissitudes are the Transports of Lovers incident ! The Father of *Glicera* was taken suddenly ill, and that with so much Violence, that in a few hours time his Life was despaired of ; Night brought with it an encrease of his Distemper, nor did the Morning afford any Abatement ; nor

all the Prescriptions of the best Physicians, who were sent for on his first finding himself disordered, had the least Effect on him ; and at the close of the second Day he paid that Debt to Nature, to which all who live must submit.

Here was now a sad Change in the Affairs of *Glicera*, her bridal Ornaments were exchanged for mournful Black ; and at the time when she expected to have received the Gratulations of her Friends for her happy Nuptials, she had only the Consolations of them to regard. The Society of her dear *Melladore* was however a considerable Alleviation to her Sorrows, and as he scarce ever left her but in those Hours in which Decency obliged him to retire, he easily persuaded her to a Forgetfulness of *the Dead*, in the Comforts of *the Living* ; and if Fate exacted the Life of one, she thought it yet a less terrible Misfortune to lose her *Father* than a *Lover* who was so dear to her, and by whom she believed herself so sincerely and tenderly belov'd, that she should know no want of any other Friend. Ah ! how little is Youth sensible of what it owes to Age, and how far are we unable to conceive what is due to the Care of a tender Parent, or how greatly we suffer in the loss of such a one ! But soon was this fond Maid made sensible of her Error ; soon, alas ! did sad Experience convince her of the Difference between natural Affection and the Vows of Passion.

Many



Many People, who while they live make a very great Show, when once Death exposes to the World the truth of their Circumstances, are found vastly inferior to what their Appearance had promised: At least it here so happened, the Father of *Glicera*, reputed one of the richest Citizens of his Time, left behind him little more than would serve to defray the Expences of his Funeral, and pay the Debts he had contracted; and the fair Subject of this little History, instead of a hundred thousand Crowns, which was the least that was expected for her Portion, had scarce sufficient left her to maintain her one Year in the manner she had been accustomed to live. *Melladore*, however, had enough for both; and fully depending on his Love and Constancy, she regarded not this Fall from her high-raised Hopes, nor once imagined that the Loss of her Wealth would also make her lose his Heart: for this reason, as well as that her Youth had not yet learned Hypocrisy, and scorn'd the Baseness of a Lye, she endeavoured not to conceal the reality of her Affairs, but frankly let him know that her Love and Virtue were her only Dower. They were sitting in an Arbour at the end of the Garden, so shadow'd o'er with Trees, that scarce could the Sun's Beams at the height of Noon penetrate the Gloom, much less those of the pale Moon, who then shone but with faint and sickly Fires, when first she

she related to him this surprizing News; so that unhappily for her she perceived not the shock her Words had given him, nor the Disorders which that moment overspread his alter'd Countenance: and being far from gueßing at his Thoughts, prosecuted her Discourse without expecting any Reply from him till he had time enough to recollect himself, and have recourse to Dissimulation. And then he did not fail to tell her, that her adorable Person was of itself a Treasure infinitely beyond his Merit, — that he look'd on her as a Blessing sent from Heaven to make him the happiest of his Sex — that he rather rejoiced than the contrary, at this Opportunity to prove the Disinterestedness of his Affection, — and a thousand such like Expressions of Tenderneß and Truth, which she hesitated not if she should believe, because she wish'd it so, and had before set down in her own Heart for Truth, all that he now professed.

So artfully did he deceive, that for many Weeks she had not the least reason to suspect, but that as soon as Decency for the Death of her Father would permit, she should become his Wife: But vastly different now were his Designs, the real Love he had was to the Wealth of which he expected she would be possess'd; but that being lost, his Passion also vanish'd, and left behind it only that part of Desire which  
tends



tends to Enjoyment ;— the nobler Inclinations all were fled, and brutal Appetite alone remained :— In an unguarded Hour, when most he found her melted by his Pressures, and wholly incapable of repelling his amorous Efforts, did he attack her with all the ruinous Force of fatal Passion— He told her, that since their Hearts were united too firmly to be ever separated, 'twere most unjust to themselves and the soft Languishments which both confess'd, to make their Bodies observe a cruel Distance :— That Caution between them now was needless, — and tho' in regard to Custom, and that Decorum which enslaves the World, the Ceremony which was to authorize Possession had not yet passed ; yet might they in secret indulge those Wishes to which Marriage hereafter would give a Sanction.— By such kind of Arguments, accompanied with unnumber'd Vows, Sighs, Tears, and Implorations, was she at last subdued, and fell the Victim of his lawless Flame.

O'erwhelm'd in Tenderness, and lost to every Thought but that of giving Pleasure to the dear Undoer, was she for a time content with what she had done, nor once imagined how despicable she was now grown in his Eyes for that very Action which she had yielded to but to endear him more : while lull'd, by his continued Ardours into a Belief that he was all Sincerity ; how tran-

tranquil was her State ! But when Indifference came, and cold Neglect, how much beyond the reach of dull Description were the Agonies of her distracted Soul !—— To enhance the Misery of her Condition, she found herself with Child ; with Child by a Man who was already tired with her Embraces, despised her Tenderness, and from whom she had not the least hope of receiving any Reparation for the Shame to which he had reduced her.—— Now was she touch'd with a just Sensibility of the Crime she had been guilty of to Heaven, and to herself :—— Now did Reflection glare full of Horror on her affrighted View :—— Now did the sharpest Stings of late Repentance torture her afflicted Soul, and drive her to Despair.

Concealing, however, as much as possible, how far she had discovered his Ingratitude, she let him know the Consequence of their unlicenced Joys, and press'd him to marry her in Terms so moving and so tender, that had he not been abandoned by all Sense of Honour or of Justice, he would, indeed, have fulfill'd what he so often, and so solemnly had vow'd : But he had now obtained his wanton Purpose, Desire was satiated ; and of that stock of Fondness and Admiration which his Breast lately glow'd with, there scarce remained a common Pity for the ruin he had caused. When first she mentioned Marriage  
to.



to him ; he evaded the Question, and seem'd but to *delay*, not absolutely *deny* what she required ; but soon he threw aside Hypocrisy, and plainly told her he had other Views : that it was not consistent with his Circumstances to take a Wife without a Portion, and that his Father had before his Death exacted from him a Vow never to marry, but where at least an Equality of Fortune afforded him a prospect of future Happiness. Mild, and gentle as he had ever found *Glicera*, he now perceived her Soul could change as well as his had done. Never was Rage carried to a greater height than hers, — she seem'd all Fury — and distracted with her Wrongs, beholding the cruel Author of them rather exulting than any way compassionating her Misery, she said and did a thousand things which could not be reconciled to Reason : — Impossible is it to describe her Behaviour such as it was, therefore I shall only say that proportioned to the *Love* she had born him while she believed him *true*, was her *Resentment* when she knew him *false*. With an Indifference the most stabbing to a Lover's Soul did he listen to her Upbraidings, and coolly telling her that if he stay'd much longer, she might be in danger of railing herself quite out of breath, made a scornful Bow, and took his Leave.

Some perhaps, into whose hands this little Narrative may fall, may have shar'd the same Fate with poor *Glicera*; like her have been betrayed by the undoing Artifices of deluding Men; like her have been abandoned by the Perfidy of an ungrateful Lover to Shame, to late Repentance, and never-ending Grievs; and it is those only, who can conceive what 'twas she suffered, or know to compassionate the labouring Anguish of a Heart abus'd and inspir'd in this superlative degree. The happy *Insensible*, or the *untempted* Fair, are little capable of judging her Distress, and will be apt to say her *Misfortune* was no more than what her *Folly* merited: yet let those pitiless Deriders of her Frailty take care to fortify their Minds with *Virtue*, or they will but vainly depend on the Force of their own Resolution to defend them from the same Fate she mourn'd.

She now found that she had a greater Stock of Resentment in her Soul, than, till it was rous'd by this Treatment, she could have believed; sooner would she have sent a Dagger to his Heart, than any way subjected herself to a second Insult, by inviting him to return, or testifying the least remains of Tendernefs, had not the Condition she was in compell'd her to it, and forced her trembling Hand,  
in



in spite of Pride, to write him the following Epistle.

*To the Ungrateful and Perfidious*

MELLADORE.

“ I L L-treated, forsaken as I am, and  
 “ scorned, perhaps the Remonstrances  
 “ made you by my *Pen* may be more  
 “ effectual than those of my *Tongue*; yet  
 “ had you Love or Honour, Gratitude  
 “ or Pity, they would be needless: To  
 “ what purpose then, may you say, do I  
 “ write?— I have indeed, but little  
 “ hope of Success on a Man of the Dispo-  
 “ sition I now find you are, and would  
 “ sooner chuse Death than the Obligation  
 “ to you on my own account.—But Oh!  
 “ there is a tender Part of both of us,  
 “ which claims a Parent’s care: That dear  
 “ Unborn, that guiltless Consequence of  
 “ our mutual Raptures, starting within  
 “ me, makes me feel a Mother’s Fond-  
 “ ness, and a Mother’s Duty:—Nature,  
 “ Religion, Pity, and Love, all plead in  
 “ its behalf, and bid me leave no Means  
 “ untry’d to save its helpless Innocence  
 “ from Shame and Want, and all the Mi-  
 “ series of an unfriending World;—be just  
 “ then to your Vows—Remember you  
 “ are mine as much in the Eye of Heaven,

“ as if a thousand Witnesses had confirm’d  
 “ our Contract: The Ceremony of the  
 “ Church is but ordained to bind those  
 “ Pairs, who of themselves want Con-  
 “ stancy and Resolution to keep the Pro-  
 “ mise which Passion forms.—How of-  
 “ ten have you sworn I was your Wife,  
 “ that you considered me as no other, nor  
 “ would relinquish that right my Love  
 “ had given you over me for all the World  
 “ calls dear? — But you are altered since,  
 “ and I too sadly prove your boasted Vir-  
 “ tue but Hypocrisy, a Feint to hire me  
 “ to Destruction. — Ah! how inhuman,  
 “ how barbarous has been your Usage of  
 “ me! If with the loss of my expected  
 “ Dower I also lost your Heart, why did  
 “ you not then reveal it? — What Pro-  
 “ vocation had I e’er given you, that you  
 “ should join with Fortune to undo me?  
 “ *join*, did I say? — how infinitely inferior  
 “ was my Unhappiness in being deprived  
 “ of Wealth, when compared to those  
 “ more valuable Treasures thy fatal Pas-  
 “ sion has robb’d me of. — My Innocence,  
 “ my Reputation, and my Peace of Mind  
 “ by thee destroy’d, no more to be re-  
 “ trieved! — tormenting Thought! Re-  
 “ flection all distracting! ease me of it,  
 “ or to the Number of thy monstrous Acti-  
 “ ons add yet one more, and kill me; the  
 “ worst of Deaths, is a mild Fate to what



“ I now endure, ——— and will be a kind  
 “ Cruelty not only to me, but to the  
 “ little Wretch I bear : — Let the Sword  
 “ finish that ruin which Deceit begun,  
 “ and send us both from Shame, Reproach,  
 “ and never-ending Woe. ——— Answer  
 “ this not, till you have well weigh’d the  
 “ Circumstances which compel me to  
 “ write in a manner so vastly different  
 “ from what I once believed I ever should  
 “ have cause to do, and make me now  
 “ subscribe my self no other than

*Your most injured and*  
*afflicted GLICERA.*

This she ordered to be given into no  
 Hand but his own, to the end that he  
 might not have any pretence to avoid an-  
 swering it: but being now wholly taken  
 up with making himself appear as agree-  
 able as he could in the Eyes of a fine  
 Lady, who was represented to him as a  
 great Fortune, he either forgot, or had  
 not leisure to compassionate the Com-  
 plaints of the undone *Glicera*. — For  
 some days did she remain in expectation,  
 but hearing nothing from him, all the  
 little Remains of Patience which her Mis-  
 fortunes had left her being exhausted, she  
 urg’d a second time the Certainty of her  
 Fate in these Lines.

*To*

*To the unworthy MELLADORE.*

“ **T**H O’ void of Hope, as thou art of  
 “ all Sense of Honour, Gratitude,  
 “ or Humanity, I once more dare thee to  
 “ avow thy Purpose,——tell me at once  
 “ what ’tis I must expect:——No longer  
 “ seek by silence to skreen thy Perfidy,  
 “ but boldly own the Fiends that lurk  
 “ within thee;——what is there in me to  
 “ awe thee, when Heaven has not the  
 “ power to do it? Scarce is there a possi-  
 “ bility that thou art not the vilest and  
 “ most detestable of thy whole betraying  
 “ Specie, yet is there something in my  
 “ Heart which will not suffer me to as-  
 “ sure my self thou art so, till thy own  
 “ Words destroy Suspence, and put it  
 “ past my power to make a doubt:——  
 “ Still, therefore shall I persecute thee  
 “ with Complaints,——still testify the  
 “ Agonies of my distracted Soul, divided  
 “ between *Love* and *Rage*:——Continue  
 “ with alternate *Soothings* and *Revilings*,  
 “ as either of the opposing Passions rise,  
 “ to weary and *perplex* each future Mo-  
 “ ment of him, whose *Happiness* was  
 “ once my only Care.——Ah! what a  
 “ dreadful Revolution has thy Ingrati-  
 “ tude caused within my Breast——my  
 “ Thoughts before serene as an unruffled  
 “ Sea,



" Sea, now tofs'd and hurried by tumult-  
 " ruous Passions, o'erwhelm my Reason,  
 " and drive me into Madness. — I can-  
 " not live and bear it. — O that as I have  
 " heard, I could be certain also, that when  
 " supportless Injuries like mine distress  
 " the Soul, and drive it from its clayey  
 " Mansion, it still has power to wander  
 " and disturb the cruel Author of the  
 " Wrongs it suffers ; how gladly would  
 " I welcome Death in hope of Vengeance,  
 " in horrid Shapes would I appear to thy  
 " affrighted Eyes, distract thy Dreams,  
 " and sleeping and waking be ever before  
 " thee ! — O what a Whirl of wild Ideas  
 " possess my troubled Brain — the Tor-  
 " tures of the Damn'd exceed not what I  
 " feel ; — thou Monster of thy Sex, thou  
 " wert not sure of Woman born, thy  
 " Mother's Softness must have given some  
 " Tincture of Good-nature to thee, but  
 " thou art savage all ! The Cruelty of  
 " Tygers is within thee, and all the base  
 " Subtilty of the betraying Crocodile, —  
 " Perdition seize thee : How canst thou,  
 " dar'est thou use me thus ? Heaven will  
 " revenge my Wrongs, tho' it denies the  
 " Power to

*The Miserable*

GLICERA.

Who-

Whoever has the least Knowledge of the Temper of Mankind, will believe a Letter of this sort would have but little Effect on the Person to whom it was sent. Instead of compassionating her Misfortunes, he took the Opportunity she gave him of reproaching him to come to a down-right Quarrel; and having taken a little time for Consideration, answer'd her in these Terms.

### TO GLICERA.

“ I Know not to what end you give your-  
 “ self and me these needless Troubles :  
 “ I thought you Mistress of a better Un-  
 “ derstanding than to imagine an Amour  
 “ of the nature our's was, should last for  
 “ ever : — 'Tis not in Reason, 'tis not  
 “ in Nature to retain perpetual Ardours  
 “ for the same Object. — The very word  
 “ *Desire* implies an Impossibility of con-  
 “ tinuing after the Enjoyment of that  
 “ which first caused its being : — Those  
 “ Longings, those Impatiences so pleasing  
 “ to your Sex, cannot but be lost in Possessi-  
 “ on, for who can wish for what he has  
 “ already ? — Marriage, as you justly  
 “ observe, obliges the Pair once united  
 “ by these Eyes to wear a *Show* of Love ;  
 “ but where is the Man who has one  
 “ Month become a Husband, that can with  
 “ truth



“ truth aver he feels the same unbated  
 “ Fondness for his Wife, as when her un-  
 “ tasted Charms first won him to her  
 “ Arms.—Had Circumstances concur’d,  
 “ I could, however, have been content to  
 “ drag those Chains with you, so uneasy  
 “ to be borne, by most of those who wear  
 “ them ; but since Affairs have happened  
 “ contrary to both our Expectations, lay  
 “ the fault on Fate, and not on me, who  
 “ would else have still avow’d my self to  
 “ be what I once was,

Your most Affectionate  
 MELLADORE.

P. S. “ I would have you take notice  
 “ that this is an Answer to the first of  
 “ your Epistles ;—the other I think not  
 “ worthy of a serious Regard, and would  
 “ advise you to send no more to me on  
 “ any score, this being the last you will  
 “ receive from me. And am still so much  
 “ your Friend as to wish your Peace ;  
 “ which, if you really love me with that  
 “ Ardour you pretend, you can never  
 “ retrieve, till you resolve to think no  
 “ more of what has past between us :  
 “ there being a Necessity that we must  
 “ part for ever.”

It must be something more terrible than Storms or Whirl-winds, or the Roar of foaming Seas, which can describe the Hurricane of her outrageous Soul at reading this Letter:—Reason she had none, nor Reflection, but what served to bring a thousand direful Ideas of approaching Misery before her Eyes;— more than once did she in the first Gust of her Passion endeavour to lay violent Hands on her own Life, but was prevented by a Servant Maid, in whose presence she received these stabbing Lines. The unusual Force of those Emotions with which she was agitated, threw her into a Mother's Pangs long before the time prefix'd by Nature; her Delivery was arriv'd, and by that means the Consequence of her too easy Love proved no more than an Abortion.——

The Danger to which this Accident expos'd her, made her Life despair'd of by every body about her; and in spite of the late Attempts she had made on herself, she no sooner found she was given over by the Skilful, than she verified that Saying of the Poets:

—— *The Thoughts of Death  
To one near Death are dreadful.*

Tho' press'd with Ills, which neither  
Philosophy nor Religion can enable us to  
sustain



Sustain with Patience, and every Hour we wish to be no more, we fear to pass the Gates of Life, and travel that dark and unknown Road whence none return to tell what they have met 'Tis in general so with us:—Some, indeed, may have a greater share of Fortitude than poor *Glicera*, but few there are who hear unmov'd the Warnings of their Fate, especially in Youth.

The extreme Fear she had of Death, in some measure contributed to prolong her Life; for all her Cares being buried in that superior one, the Distraction of her Mind abated:—To this may be also another Reason added, which was, that her desire of Living made her readily comply with every thing prescribed her by the Physicians; and their Skill and Care, join'd to her own strength of Nature, at last restor'd her to that Health, which none who saw her in her Illness imagined she ever would have enjoy'd again.

But while she languished in Pangs which were look'd on as the Harbingers of Death, was the perfidious *Melladore* triumphing in a Bridegroom's Joys. He was married to a young Maid call'd *Helena*, whose Father being lately dead, was reputed to be worth 5000 Crowns, and those were Charms which in his avaritious Eyes far exceeded those *Glicera* was possess'd of,

and tho' infinitely inferior to her in every Perfection both of Mind and Body, was thought worthy his most tender Devoirs, while the other unpitied, unregarded, was almost dying under the Miseries which he alone had brought upon her.

When she was told this last Proof of his remorseless Infidelity, the News was near throwing her into a Condition almost as dangerous as that which she had lately escap'd ; her Passions, however, being much weaken'd by the decay of her bodily Strength, she fell not into those Ravings, which drove her almost to Madness at the first Causes she had to think him false : And in a few Months she not only regain'd her Health, but also a greater Tranquillity of Mind than could be expected in a Condition such as her's.—The Memory of her Wrongs, however, left her not a Moment, and by degrees settled so implacable a hatred in her Nature, not only to *Melladore*, but to that whole undoing Sex, that she never rejoic'd so much as when she heard of the Misfortunes of any of them.

The Affair between her and *Melladore* being blaz'd abroad, was of too much Disadvantage to her Reputation, to suffer her to imagine she should be able to make her Fortune by Marriage, tho' several there were that address'd her in Terms which



which had the appearance of Honourable ; but she had already experienced Mankind, and was not to be deceived again by the most specious Pretences : despising therefore the whole Sex, she resolved to behave to them in a manner which might advance both her Interest and Revenge ; and as nothing is capable of giving more Vexation to a Lover, than a Disappointment when he thinks himself secure from the Fears of it, she gave Encouragement to the Hopes of as many as solicited her, — She received their Treats and Presents, smil'd on all, tho' never so Old or Disagreeable ; nor indeed was it a greater Task, to feign a Tenderness for the most *Ugly* than the *Loveliest* of Mankind — for all alike were hateful to her Thoughts.

Among the Number of those whom her Beauty attracted, and the hope of gaining her more firmly engaged, was an *Alderman*, immensely Rich, but so Old that none who had beheld his wither'd Face, and shaking Limbs, would have believed that in those shrivell'd Veins there was a Warmth sufficient to maintain *Life*, much less to propagate *Desire*. His palsied Tongue, and toothless Gums, however, mumbled out a strange Fervency of Passion ; and tho' it was scarce possible to refrain laughing in his Face, yet did she listen to him with a Seriousness which  
made

made him not doubt but that he should be in time as happy as he could wish. His Age and Dotage making her believe she should be able to profit herself more by him than any other of her Enamorado's, induced her to treat him with a double Portion of seeming Kindness, nor did he fail to return the Favours she was pleased to grace him with; scarce ever did he visit her without testifying his Gratitude for the deference she paid him in some fine Present. — She abounded in Rings, Toys for her Watch, Plate of all kinds, and Jewels; but all these were no more than so many Earnests of his future Zeal:—The last and greatest Favour was yet to come, and he assured her that there wanted only that to engage him to make her a Settlement, which should support her in a manner as grand, as that in which the Wife of *Melladore* at present liv'd. But vastly different were the Designs which made her treat him in the sort she did, from those which he imagined them to be; and resolving to make the most of his Folly, she let into the Secret of her Thoughts a young Woman with whom she was exceeding intimate, called *Laphelia*. This Confidante, who had a ready Wit, to try the Force of this old Wretch's Love, was left sometimes to entertain him, while *Glicera* pretended



ed to be engaged elsewhere on some extraordinary Business. And when he would be talking of her, and almost exhausting the little stock of Breath left him in Encomiums on the Beauty of his absent Mistress, in this fashion would the other reply to him: *Grubguard*, said she, (for that was the Name of this decrepid Lover,) I wonder not that you should be charm'd with *Glicera*, who is without exception the loveliest Woman in the World, but I am amaz'd that a Man of your Sense should go so wrong a way to work for your Designs:—Do you believe that she will ever be brought to like that formal Dress and Behaviour with which you accost her?—She that has a thousand young Noblemen dying at her Feet, each in the Habit of an *Adonis*.—Embroidery, Powder, and Perfume are infinitely taking to our Sex.—A very Angel of a Man with a Bob-wig, a Hat uncock'd and flapping o'er his Eyes like *Obadiab* in the Play, no Sword, and a dirty Pair of Gloves, would be detestable in a Woman's Eyes. Humph, *reply'd the Dotard*; (after a little Pause) I took *Glicera* for a Person of more Understanding than to prefer an outward Finery to the intrinsick Virtues of her Lover.—My Passion for her is violent and strong, 'tis sincere without Disimulation or Hypocrisy;—then for my  
Con-

Constancy, no Martyr would suffer more for fair *Glicera* than would her faithful *Grubguard*.——But if 'tis Dress must please her, I can afford to wear as fine Clothes as any Man, and, it may be, become them as well. Scarce could *Laphelia* contain her self from bursting into a loud Laughter at these Words; but she forbore till after he was gone, and relating the Discourse which had pass'd between them to *Glicera*, nothing could afford greater Diversion to them both, unless it were the sight of him the next Visit he made, wholly transform'd from what he had been.——Never was an Object of more Ridicule, and tho' they had form'd a most comical Idea in their Minds of what he would appear; for *Laphelia* was certain he would endeavour to ingratiate himself by this means, yet it was infinitely short of the Reality.——A white Perriwig with a huge Fore-top, Clothes trim'd with Silver, a long Sword with a brocaded Ribband hanging to it, and every Implement of the most perfect Beau, which, join'd to a diminutive Stature, small Face and Limbs, made him look exactly like one of those little Imitators of Humanity, which are carried about Streets to make Sport for Children.

Nor was his Habit the greatest part of the Jest, his whole Deportment was also chang'd;



chang'd ; the *Minuit* and *Boree* Steps which he had learn'd about some sixty or seventy Years past, he now recalled to mind, and would now and then attempt to cut a Caper as he walk'd cross the Room, to present his Snuff-box to the Ladies, cramb'd full of *Orangerée*:— But in the midst of these fine Airs, Age unluckily expos'd itself, and down he fell at the Feet of his Mistress, more through Weakness than Excess of Passion.— This Accident, in spite of all they had resolv'd, made them burst into an immoderate Laughter, which had like to have spoil'd all ; for the *Alderman*, too conscious of the just Cause he had given them for Mirth, was a little out of humour at it, and began to make an aukward Excuse, that having been at a Country-Dancing some time before, he had sprain'd his Ankle, which had ever since been weak. *Glicera*, vex'd that she had so far discovered the contemptible Opinion she had of him, had her Face immediately cover'd with a Scarlet-blush ; but having a vast deal of ready Wit, recovering herself from the Confusion she had been in, I beg a thousand Pardons, *said she*, for the Ill-manners I have doubtless seem'd guilty of by so untimely a Mirth : but I assure you, *Sir* ! it was wholly my own Folly I was ridiculing ; for having a desire that my Apartment should be particularly

Nice to-day, I made my Maid scour the Floor with new Milk, and the Cream has occasion'd so great a Slipperiness in the Boards, that I have twice myself had the same Misfortune which has befallen you. She was just telling me the Story when you came in, *added Laphelia*, willing to second what she had said, and if my Mirth must have been fatal to me, I could not for my Soul have forborn it, to see the ill Success of my Friend's over-great Care to please. This Excuse passing for a current one, the transmogrified Lover resum'd his good Humour, and continued his Grimaces and affected Manner of Behaviour to so extravagant a degree, that more than once the Ladies were in danger of relapsing into that Error which had lately cost their Invention some pains to extricate themselves from.

*Laphelia*, to carry on the Jest, did not fail however, the next time she had an Opportunity, to tell him that her fair Friend was wonderfully pleased with the Change she observ'd in him, and that she did not doubt but he would find the good Effects of it in a short time: But they having contrived together, how they might make a better Advantage of this Infatuation than meerly Sport; she told him that as he had begun, he must also perfect himself in all the Accomplishments of the  
other



other End of the Town ; he must carry them to the Play, the Opera, and Masquerades, and after attending them Home, must sit down to Gaming. No Man ever gain'd his will on a fine Lady, *said she*, till he had first lost a good Sum to her at Cards ;—nothing discovers the Passion of a Lover so much as parting freely with his Money, and there is no other way of doing it handsomely :— Besides, *continued she*, play will give you a thousand Opportunities of expressing your Love and Gallantry :— You forget what you are doing, throw down one Card instead of another, commit a thousand Errors in the Game, and all through excess of Passion ;— you can think of nothing in the presence of your Mistress but herself :— In fine, there are so many pretty little Airs a Man may give himself this way, that 'tis impossible he should not be agreeable. *Grubguard* listened with a wonderful Attention to this Discourse, and having met with so encouraging a Reception from *Glicera*, that he had not doubted obtaining the last Favour ; yet finding she still evaded the grant of it, he imagin'd indeed that there was something more she expected from him : He was not unacquainted with the loss of her Fortune, and her sufferings on account of *Melladore*, and knew very well that she must want Money ;

ney; it therefore seemed feasible to him that she had made *Laphelia*, who he knew was dearly beloved by her, to talk to him in this manner. Resolving therefore to comply with the Humour, he thank'd her for the Advice she had given him, and told her he would most certainly obey it.

Nor did he do any otherwise than he had said, there was not the least particular of the Injunction laid upon him that he did not observe, with all the Exactness imaginable; and the Sums which every Night he lost to *Glicera*, took from her in a very few Weeks all need of lamenting her want of Money.—In this manner did she continue to delude him for a considerable Time: a true *Lover* like a *Camelion* can subsist for a long while on Air, and stedfastly believing that the Measures he took would certainly put him in possession of his Wishes in the end, he waited with Patience for the happy Minute.

But it was not on this old Dotard alone that *Glicera* had Power, a great Number of much younger and wittier Men gave her the Opportunity of revenging on that Sex the Injuries she had received from one of them; and having as large a Share of Sense as Beauty, knew so well how to manage the Conquests she gain'd, that not one whose *Heart* confess'd the Triumph



Triumph of her Eyes, but made a Sacrifice also of his *Purse*.—So magnificent was she in the Trophies of her Slaves, that few *Court-Beauties* appeared more ornamented then did this *City-Belle*, when ever she appeared in any publick Place; and never did a Woman passionately in love take greater Pains to captivate the ador'd Object of her Affections than did this fair *Filt*, to appear amiable in the Eyes of Mankind. Tho' she had enough overcome all Thoughts of *Melladore*, not to languish for his Return, or even wish to see him; yet the Hatred which his Ingratitude had created in her Mind was so fix'd and rooted there, that it became part of her Nature, and she seem'd born only to give Torment to the whole Race of Man, nor did she know another Joy in Life. In this Position let us leave her for a while, each Day attracting to her worshipp'd Shrine some new Adorer, gay, pleas'd and vain in conquering Beauty and superior Charms, and see what Fate in the mean time attended the perfidious *Melladore*, whose cruel Treatment had first occasioned so strange a Change in her once gentle and unartful Soul.

In some few days after his Marriage with *Helena*, he went to receive her Fortune; but how terribly Just was his Disappointment, when the Banker in whose hands

hands it was lodg'd, told him, that the Moment before he came he had receiv'd a *Caveat* to put a stop to his Payment of the whole or any part of it, till a material Question should be decided between the Lawyers: Which was, that the next of Kin to the Father of *Helena*, objected that the Marriage Ceremony between that Gentleman and her Mother had never been perform'd, and dar'd the old Lady, who was still living, to the Proof. Full of the extremest Vexation did *Melladore* return home with this News; but *Helena*, who at the hearing it was not much less perplex'd, immediately sending for her Mother, they both grew more satisfied on her protesting that it was only a malicious Prosecution, and that nothing could be more easy than it was for her to prove her Marriage.

Now were the best Lawyers consulted, and the Suit on both sides carryed on with the utmost Vigour, the Gentlemen of the long Robe flattering their Clients of each Party with hopes of Success: The truth is, both made out their several Cases in so fair a manner, and had so great a Number of Evidences ready to attest the Truth of what they said, that they deceived themselves; which makes good the Proverb, that says, whoever conceals the truth of his *Distemper* from his *Physician*,



an, or the Cause he would defend from his Lawyer, is sure of being worsted. *Melladore* relying on the Assurances made him by his Mother-in-law, talk'd of nothing but the Damages he should recover of his Adversaries, and spent his Money freely in Treats and Fees for extraordinary Diligence, not doubting but that all would be returned to him with ample Interest. Thus did he exult till the Day appointed for the Tryal on the Examination of Witnesses: Those who appear'd for the Mother of *Helena*, appear'd so distracted in their Evidences, contradicted each other, and committed so many Errors, that the Judge had good reason to believe they had been corrupted; therefore ordering them to be put apart, he questioned them one by one, on which they were easily detected of Perjury, and *Melladore*, *Helena*, and her Mother hiss'd out of Court with the utmost Derision; the whole Effects of the Deceas'd decreed to the young Gentleman who began the Process, and *Melladore*, for so ill defending it, condemn'd to pay the Expence.

What was now the Condition of this guilty and unhappy Man? He had now not only married a Wife without a Fortune, but also a Woman basely born, and in whose Disposition he had reason to believe there was some tincture of her Mother's

Mother's Nature: Besides all this, the prodigious Charge he had been at, in carrying on the Law, had very much broke in upon his Stock, he was not only oblig'd to call in several Sums he had out at Interest, but was likewise compell'd to borrow: Yet did not the Pride and Extravagance of *Helena* abate, by these Mortifications; she would keep as many Servants as before, as good a Table, and wear as rich Clothes: this occasion'd many bitter Quarrels between them, which in a very little time intirely eras'd all the former Tenderness that either had for the other. He endeavour'd to exert the Authority of a Husband in restraining her Expences; she show'd herself a very Wife in the worst Sense, and without any Consideration of the ill Circumstances to which they were in danger of being reduc'd by her riotous manner of Life, had no bounds to her Desires, but sought the immediate Gratification of them, let it cost what it would; And to what Extremes sometimes her Inclinations were capable of transporting her, he discover'd soon after the loss of the Law-Suit.

Happening to come into her Chamber on a sudden, he surpriz'd her with a Paper in her Hand, on which her Eyes being intently fix'd, she saw him not till he was very near her; but as soon as she perceiv'd



perceiv'd him, she attempted to put it in her Pocket. The Confusion which overspread her Face as she was about to do so, excited his Curiosity, and made him not doubt but that there was something extraordinary in it; he therefore demanded to see it, which she refusing, he went to seize by Force: they struggled for some time, but his Strength at last prevailing, he took it from her; and as if his Misfortunes were not already great enough, he found an Addition to them in the following Lines.

*To the Lovely* H E L E N A.

“ **B** A D as you believe your Husband’s  
 “ Circumstances, I can assure you they  
 “ are infinitely worse than you imagine;  
 “ his ready Money is not only gone, but  
 “ he is about to mortgage those Acres  
 “ which were design’d your Jointure, in  
 “ case Fortune had been as kind to you as  
 “ your Virtues merited. I heard this account  
 “ of him last Night from one perfectly  
 “ acquainted with his Affairs:—I  
 “ would, therefore, once more endeavour  
 “ to persuade you, to save what you can  
 “ out of that general Ruin in which you  
 “ else will certainly, and shortly be involv’d.  
 “ —The Ship I told you of, sets  
 “ sail for *Holland* in a few days; pack  
 F “ up

“ up your Jewels, and what other valuable Things you have, with all possible expedition, and leave this unworthy Husband. — I have provided a Concealment for you till the departure of the Vessel begins the happy *Æra* of our Lives, and begins our Voyage to a Land where we may live, and love, uninterrupted by any jealous Eyes: — Let your Answer be left for me at the usual Place, if you cannot come abroad. — Farewell my Angel, — I long to feast on those luxurious Joys you have yet but permitted me to taste, and to prove the eternal Vigour of

*My adorable Helena's*  
*most devoted Slave,*  
 VILLAGNAN.

This *Villagnan* was a kind of a Merchant, one at least who by retailing some petty Commodities between *England* and *Holland*, assumed to himself that Name. *Melladore* knew him well, he had frequently bought such Goods of him as he dealt in, and it was by that means he had an Opportunity of conversing with *Helena*, and discovering enough of her Disposition to encourage him to make a Declaration of Love to her. But never was Surprise or Rage equal to the Force of both these Passions



Passions in the Soul of *Melladore* at reading this Letter; little could he have believ'd, without so convincing a Proof, that such a Man would have attempted the Honour of a Woman like *Helena*, much less that her Pride would have suffer'd her to have rewarded his Love, or even condescended to listen to any Discourses on that Subject from one so infinitely inferior to her in every Circumstance. He having never felt much more for her than an Indifference, which by his late Uneasiness on her account was grown into a kind of a distaste, now turn'd to a perfect loathing on the knowledge of her Falshood:—He upbraided her in terms which let her see there was not the least remains of Tenderness for her in his Heart;—if there had, *Grief* would have been mingled with his *Indignation*, and his *Sorrow* at the discovery that he had a Rival in her Love, been equal to the *Rage* which the Injury she had done his and her own Honour caused. But instead of that tender Concern which a truly affectionate Husband could not have avoided testifying even in the midst of his Reproaches; all his Looks and Words denoted only Hate, inveterate Hate, and the most keen Disdain. She, on the other side, made show of as little Regret, neither denying, nor excusing the Crime she had been guilty of, but be-

having with a haughty Sullenness: All the Answer he could be able to get from her, being only that the Usage she had of late received from him was sufficient to provoke any Woman. He so little endur'd her in his sight, that he was some time in debate with himself whether he should by confining her take care to prevent her from dishonouring him for the future; or by leaving her to her Liberty, suffer her to take the advice of her *Enamorado*, and by that means get rid of her. He now repented he had seen the Letter, which if he had not, she had infallibly been gone; but now to endure her leaving him in this manner, he thought would look too tame, and subject him to the ridicule of the World; not for any Love of her Society, therefore, but for the sake of his own Character, did he disappoint her Lover's Hopes, by locking her into a Garret, of which, suffering none but himself to keep the Key, nor to go in to carry her Food to sustain Life; he took from her all possibility of escaping, till he heard the Ship mention'd in the Letter had put out to Sea, and in it the Man so charming in *Helena's* Eyes. Then did he with an Air wholly compos'd of Scorn set open the Doors, and tell her she was free to go to her dear *Villagnan* if she could find the way to him; tho' he had taken care she



she should carry no more out of his House than she brought into it, having secur'd what Jewels and Plate he had presented her with before and since she was his Wife, leaving at her disposal only a few Clothes, and not the best even of those.

But in this Kingdom how great is the Privilege of Wives! how dangerous is it for a Husband to irritate them, tho' on the most justifiable Provocation! and generally speaking, the most guilty, are the least able to endure Reproof, as a celebrated Poet justly observes;

*Forgiveness to the Injur'd does belong,  
But they ne'er pardon who have done  
the wrong.*

The Severity with which *Helena* found herself treated by *Melladore*, notwithstanding the Cause she had given him, rous'd all that was vindictive in her Nature, and regarding him with equal Hate, meditated nothing but how she should be able to return the Indignities with which he us'd her: Nor was it long before she found the Means. She went to the House of a Woman who had been the Confidante of her Amour with *Villagnan*, and was a Person perfectly skill'd in all the little Artifices of the Town. By her advice she took up, on the Credit of her Husband,

not

not only all manner of Apparel, Jewels, Plate, rich Furniture, but also several large Sums of Money ; *Melladore* retaining yet the Reputation of being able to discharge much greater Debts.

The Noise, however, of her being separated from her Husband, made every one bring in their Bills much sooner than otherwise they would have done ; and 'tis hard to say, whether Astonishment, or Rage, was most predominant over the Soul of this unhappy Husband when he found what she had done. He could not have imagin'd, that considering the Disadvantages she already lay under in every Circumstance, she would have dared to have acted in this manner ; but so he found it, to compleat his Ruin : nor was there any Possibility of evading the Payment of those Persons who had given her Credit. How truly wretched now had a few Months made the once prosperous, rich, gay, haughty *Melladore* ; and how severely did the unerring Hand of Providence revenge the Injuries he had done *Glicer* ! Scarce could one think there was a Woe, in store superior to those already named ; yet did he hereafter meet with one, which when compar'd, all others seem'd light and insignificant.

The vast Expences which had attended the Law-Suit, the riotous Manner in which



which he liv'd after his Marriage with *Helena*, her Extravagancies at that time, and her Contrivances since her Elopement of undoing him, reduc'd him to mortgage the last Stake he now had left him; and so closely did avenging Fate pursue him, that as if it was not a sufficient Punishment for the Crime he had been guilty of, in breach of Vows, that he had met with those very Misfortunes in the Woman he made choice of, which to avoid, he had made himself that Criminal; he must also have the Person he had wrong'd, the Arbitratress of his Destiny, and become wholly in the power of one from whom he neither could, nor ought to hope for Mercy.

So was it order'd by the divine Dispensation, to render his Shame the greater, that Alderman *Grubguard* was the Person to whom he mortgag'd his Lands. Had he known the Attachments he was under to *Glicera*, or indeed that he had been of her Acquaintance, sooner would he have leap'd a Precipice, plung'd himself into outrageous Seas, done any thing rather than have suffer'd his Misfortunes to be known by one, who, in all probability would reveal them to her: But wholly ignorant of the Correspondence held between them, Fate it was that directed him to *Grubguard*, who no sooner had the  
Mortgage

Mortgage in his hands, than he came to *Glicera*, and rejoiced that he had News to tell her, in which he was very certain she would take delight. He immediately related to her the whole Story: She had before been inform'd of the Disappointment he had met with in his Wife's Affairs, the Law-Suit, how she had been prov'd in open Court Illegitimate, and her Elopement since; but now to be assur'd that he was also ruin'd in his own Fortune, inevitably undone, fill'd her with a Satisfaction so exquisite, that for a moment she thought it impossible it could be exceeded; but soon it gave way to an impatient Desire, which gave her an adequate Share of Disquiet.—She long'd to be the Mistress of that Writing which gave the Person who had it in possession, the Power of all that *Melladore* was now worth in the World, and the little probability there was that *Grubguard* would have Gallantry enough to make a Present of so much consequence, and what had cost him so great a Sum of Money, spread through all her Soul so mortal a Bitter, that it empoison'd all the Sweets her Revenge had tasted at the first News of *Melladore's* Misfortunes. She appear'd in so ill a Humour all the time the *Alderman* stay'd with her, that he imagin'd she still loved that false Man, and that her melancholy



choly proceeded from the Knowledge of his Ruin. This gave our old Enamorato as much Anxiety of Mind as he had Delicacy enough to be capable of; and he long'd for an Opportunity of communicating his Opinion to *Laphelia*, who he fancied was a very great Friend to him, since she had given him advice to new-model his Dress and Behaviour.

*Glicer*a was no less impatient to consult with that Confidante, and as soon as the Departure of the *Alderman* gave her liberty, she sent for her, and acquainted her with what he had related to her concerning *Melladore*, and the Uneasiness she was in to have the Mortgage of his Estate in her possession. *Laphelia* could not forbear chiding her for the exorbitancy of her Wishes:——I never heard of any thing so unreasonable in my Life, *said she*; is it not enough for your Revenge that the Man who has wrong'd you is undone in every Circumstance, without triumphing yourself in the ruin of his Fortune:—That Fortune, answer'd the other, ought to have been mine, had *Melladore* been just,——nor do I think it sufficient that he has lost it, without I also have gain'd it. How often has he sworn, that were he master of ten thousand Worlds, they all were mine:——With what a seeming Zeal and Sanctity, has he invok'd each  
G Saint

Saint in Heaven a Witness of his Vows to me!——O never, never can the Breach of them be pardon'd, nor never shall I think my Wrongs repair'd, till I am in possession of my Right;——I mean, *continu'd she*, the *Estate of Melladore*; for his *Person*, were he in a Condition, is now become unworthy my Acceptance. *Laphelia* perceiving she was resolute, offer'd no more in contradiction to what she said, but told her that she thought there was little cause for her Uneasiness on the score she had named, for that she durst swear the *Alderman* had Love enough to give her the half of all he was worth, much less would he deny to make her a Present of this Mortgage. O my dear *Laphelia*, cry'd she, could we but bring that about, how happy should I be! Never doubt it, *Glicera*, reply'd the other, leave it to my Management; and as I have begun to instruct him in the Rudiments of Gallantry, depend upon it I will make him perfectly accomplish'd for our Purpose before I have done with him. A vast deal of further Discourse, much to the same purpose, pass between them; at the Conclusion of which, it was agreed that *Grubguard* should be invited the next day to play at *Ombre* with them, and that *Glicera* should be call'd out of the Room, on some pretence that her assisting

Friend



Friend might have an Opportunity of trying her Wit, and the power she had of deceiving handsomely ; after which, Night being pretty well advanc'd, they took leave of each other, the one departed to perfect the Stratagem which as yet was but an Embrio in her inventive Brain, and our fair *Filt* to pray to all the Powers of Eloquence to assist her in her Designs.

Our old Beau, who had past the Night in Perplexities, equal with those *Glicera* sustain'd, was infinitely pleas'd at the Invitation made him next day, especially when he heard that *Laphelia* was to be there, not doubting but that he should be able to persuade her to let him into the secret of his Mistress's Chagrin ; he therefore prevented the appointed Hour, in hope of getting some Opportunity of speaking to her alone : his Impatience, therefore, forwarding the Gratification of the other, soon after he came in, a Servant belonging to the House where *Glicera* lodg'd, told her there was one desir'd to speak with her. On which, after having made a short Apology for her absence, she went out of the Room, and left them together.

She was no sooner gone, than *Grub-guard* unwilling to lose a Moment, drew his Chair near to that *Laphelia* was sitting in, and began to relate to her the

Troubles of his Mind; but she no sooner heard what had occasion'd them, than to save him the labour of further Speech, she interrupted him in this manner: How ingeniously, *said she laughing*, does Love torment his Votaries! — The wanton God prides himself in your Pains, and finds out a thousand Ways to make you delay the Bliss for which you languish; — you are at this time the happiest Man in the World, and do not know it. — Fortune has put in your power the only Means to gain *Glicera's* Favour; and I am certain should the greatest Monarch on Earth become your Rival, he must sue in vain, unless possess'd of one thing, which none but *Grubguard* has the means of bestowing. You speak in Riddles, *Madam!* answer'd the old Dotard, but if there be a possibility of my being happy, why will you not let me know? — There is nothing I would not do to express my Love for fair *Glicera*, nor to testify my Gratitude to you. I have told her so, *resum'd the artful* Laphelia, I am certain you that have given her so many Proofs of your unbounded Passion, would not scruple to add one more, especially when it will be the last that will be expected from you, and infallibly put you in immediate possession of your Wishes. Ah! *cry'd he*, (in a Transport which was pretty near



near depriving him of the small Stock of Breath which Nature had left him, to keep the almost expiring Lamp of Life awake;) dear, dear, *Laphelia*! inform me what it is, that I may fly to make this acceptable Offering at the Shrine of my ador'd Goddess, and I will worship thee for the kind Direction. How just was my Opinion of you, *said she*, and how much has *Glicera* wrong'd your wondrous Passion, to imagine you would think such a Trifle too great a Price for the purchase of her Love. Ah the Cruel! (mumbled he out, with his toothless Gums,) but when I get her once in my Possession, I will so revenge myself for all her Coyness.——But sweet Girl, *continued he*, let me know what it is she expects or desires of me, before she resigns me her Paradise of Beauty. Nothing, *reply'd she*, (who now thought he was sufficiently work'd up) but to make her a Present of that Mortgage you received yesterday from *Melladore*.——Here she stop'd, observing all the time his Countenance, in which she saw immediately so great a Change, as made her more than half afraid she had taken all this pains to no purpose; and perceiving he continued in a profound Silence, Heavens! *resum'd she*, has my Penetration deceiv'd me then!——do you hesitate if you should accept so great

great a Blessing as *Glicera*, when offer'd you on Terms so easy? — Is such a Sum to be valued in competition with the Enjoyment of so fine a Woman? — You quite mistake my Thoughts, *answer'd he*, 'tis not the Money I boggle at; were it twice as much, I could afford to make a Sacrifice of it for my Pleasure: — But alack! I have no Notion, that after all this, I shall be a jot the nearer to the Gratification of my Wishes: — To be plain, I am afraid she has still a kindness for that Spendthrift, and aims to get the Writings out of my hands only to return them into his; — I should then, indeed, be finely fool'd. — O fye, Mr. *Alderman*! I am asham'd of your distrust, *cry'd she*, interrupting him; can you suspect her of so much Folly, or me of such an unexampl'd piece of Baseness, to persuade you to this Generosity, if I did not know you would find your account in it? — I assure you she hates *Melladore*, and so far from giving him up his Bond, she wishes to have it in her possession, for no other reason than to prosecute the Penalty of it with more Rigour than perhaps any other Person would do. — This I can aver to you is Truth, and durst pawn my Life on the Certainty of what I say: — But, *pursu'd she*, affecting to seem displeas'd, I shall trouble myself no farther between you, — 'tis in vain to endeavour to make People happy,



happy, who are resolv'd to be the contrary:—I am only sorry I should say so much in your behalf last Night, since I find *Glicera* was in the right to believe you did not love her half so well as you pretended. She cannot be more belov'd than she is by me, *resum'd the Dotard*, and I have spar'd no Expence either of Time or Money to convince her of it;—but as I know *Melladore* was once very dear to her, you cannot blame my Jealousy;—they say, old Love can never be forgot, and if she should lay this Stratagem to deliver him his Writings, my easy Nature would be the Jest of the whole Town. Not more than her's, good *Grub-guard*, *reply'd Laphelia*, the Injuries she has received from *Melladore* are not of a nature to be pardoned, much less rewarded to the prejudice of another, as this would be to you.—Believe me, I am perfectly acquainted with her very Soul, and know that she has only the extremest Detestation for that unworthy Man; and if you require it, will give you my solemn Oath.—No, no, it needs not, *interrupted he*, let her put me in possession of her Charms, and I will put her in possession of the *Writing*;—this she will not scruple, if she really designs to make me happy. Bless me! *cry'd Laphelia*, with an air of Surprize, I would not have  
her

her hear you for the World ;——are you mad?——For shame, *Alderman*, recant what you have said.——I wonder how you could forget yourself and her so far, as to be guilty of such a Thought :——you talk as if you were in *Change Alley*, where they chaffer one *Transfer* for another.——Is such a Woman as *Glicera* to be had by way of Bargain? Nothing could be more pleasant than the Figure he made at this moment. He stood with his Mouth half open, and his Eyes fix'd on her with an unmeaning Stare, all the time she was speaking; nor when she left off, could he either gather up his Countenance, or recollect his Spirits enough to make her any answer; and she went on in this manner: Is this, *said she*, the effect of all the pains I have taken to make you worthy of *Glicera*, and have you given her so many proofs of your Passion, to be found deficient at last, when she was on the very brink of yielding too?——Did she not say last Night, as we were walking together in the Garden, that she thought she had held out long enough against a Person of your Accomplishments and Gallantry, and that there wanted but this one Experiment more to be made of your Generosity, before she threw herself into your Arms.——With what an angelic Softness in her Voice and Eyes did she



she leaning on my Shoulder, ask me, if I did not think you the most agreeable Man breathing;—then sigh'd and blush'd: —but I will reveal no more, I will rather persuade her to call back her Heart.

—As she was proceeding, the old Sinner, who by this Discourse imagin'd, indeed, that he was belov'd by her: Ah *Laphelia* cry'd he out, do not be so unkind, —she shall have the Mortgage, and I will trust to her Goodness for the Recompence of my Passion; nor did I mean to offend her by those foolish Words, which I beseech you do not report to her, but tell me in what manner this Present will be most acceptable. That indeed requires some thought, *said Laphelia*; and the time you have lost in these idle Scruples, had much better have been employ'd in contriving this handsomely: The manner of conferring an Obligation, is often more than the Obligation itself. —If you give it to her in the fashion you have done a Ring, or Pair of Ear-rings, or some such trifle, I know not if her delicacy will accept it, on the account of the large Sum she knows you have paid down for it; —I would therefore have you do it in the same way as you have enforc'd her, as it were, to take your Money, —that is, lose it at play. —I will pretend to be a little indispos'd, and refuse the Cards:—do

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you

you two sit down to *Picquet*, and after you have play'd three or four Games, you may say you have no more ready Money about you, but will set her this Bond against a Kiss, or some such Favour.—— I do not know any thing that will be more truly Gallant, and testify you to have a greater Acquaintance with the *Beau Monde*, than such a Behaviour.—— I know you will not leave this Apartment without your Reward, and that I may be no obstacle to your Happiness——as soon as I see the Bond lost, still continuing my feign'd Illness, I will take my Leave, and give you the Liberty of playing on, or making what use you please of the Discovery I have made you after I am gone.

Scarce could the *Alderman* contain his Joy at this Assurance, and now not doubting but that a few Hours would put him in the full possession of what he had so long been labouring to obtain, would have fallen on his Knees to thank the obliging Contriver of his Happiness, if he had not known he must have put her to the trouble of helping him on his Legs again.——He utter'd a thousand Expressions of Friendship and Gratitude after his fashion, and affected to appear so florid, that it was a task more difficult than any she had yet gone through, for the  
 Person



Person to whom he address'd himself, to forbear laughing, and by an ill-tim'd Mirth destroy all she had been doing: but *Glicera*, who pitied the Constraint she was under, and had been all this while no farther than the next Room, which being parted from the other only by a thin Wainscot, gave her the Opportunity of hearing all that had pass'd; no sooner found her Friend had succeeded in the Plot they had laid together, than she appear'd, making a formal Excuse for having stay'd so long. After which the Cards were call'd for, and the *Ombre*-Table brought; but *Laphelia* cry'd her Head ach'd, and she could not play. Let us have a game at *Picquet* then, Madam, said the *Alderman*. With all my heart, reply'd *Glicera*, since that ill-natur'd Creature will not make one among us.

They play'd at first for small Stakes, but the *Alderman* observing Directions to a tittle, pretending he had no more Gold, pluck'd out the Writings of *Melladore's* Estate, and cry'd, Come Madam, will you venture a Kiss against this? Yes, answer'd *Glicera*, and so begun the Game; *Grubguard* every now and then looking on *Laphelia*, endeavouring to discover by her Countenance how she approv'd his Behaviour, to which she gave him an assenting Nod, and he play'd briskly on.—

The Game was soon run off;— *Glicera* had *Point*, or *Quatorze* almost every time, —and drew the wish'd for Stake; which, as soon as she had in her Hands, I know not, *said she*, if I have not been playing for nothing, I understand so little of Law, that I cannot be certain whether I can demand the Penalty mentioned in this Bond, without a farther power from you than the bare possession of it. No, fair *Glicera*, *reply'd the Alderman*, I will not cheat you, and as you have fairly won it, must also let you know, that before you can act as *Mortgagee*, there must be a Label annexed to the Writing, testifying that these Deeds are assign'd to you for a valuable Consideration receiv'd by me.— I will have a Lawyer then to do it immediately, *said she*, for I love not a Shadow without a Substance. Nor will you feed your Adorer with that airy Food I hope, *resum'd Grubguard*. No, *answer'd she*, to him who truly loves me, I would rather exceed than be any way deficient in the Gratitude I owe him. These words confirming him in the belief which *Laphelia* had before inspir'd him with, made him not in the least oppose her sending for a Lawyer, who happening to live in the same Street, came in a short time, and made *Glicera* as full a *Mortgagee* as if she had pay'd her Money down to *Melladore* for that power.

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The Lawyer, as soon as he had done his Business, took his Leave, and *Laphe-  
lia*, who stay'd only to set her hand as a Witness, now retired, as she had promised the *Alderman* she would do. Scarce had she left the Room a moment, before the Dotard run to her as fast as Age and Weakness would permit, and began to testify by his Behaviour that he now look'd upon her as his own; but soon did she strike a damp on the Boldness of his aspiring Hopes, her very Looks were sufficient to have aw'd a Lover more emboldened:—Think not, *said she*, to treat me with any other Liberties than such as the chastest Vestal might approve.—It is not in the power of the loveliest, wittiest, and most engaging of all your Sex, to tempt me to an Act of Shame, much less in thine, thou Wretch! worn out with Diseases, bow'd down even to the Grave with Age:—Rather shouldst thou employ the remnant of thy Days in Penitence and Prayer for past Offences, than attempt new ones:—how canst thou, durst thou, think of Sin, when every moment thou hast before thy Eyes unceasing Monitors of thy approaching Fate? Death and Futurity ought to be now the only Subjects of thy Care, and the vain Pleasures of this World seem odious even to Remembrance. And is it for this, *said*  
*he,*

*he*, that I have parted with so much Money, and the Mortgage of *Melladore's* Estate!—Did you not tell me that you would not be ungrateful to the Man who truly lov'd you. Yes, *reply'd she*, nor would I be so, were Love and Honour to be found among you;—but you are Betrayers all;—vile Hypocrites! who feign a Tenderneſs only to undo us.—The Man who truly *Loves* would *Marry* me; that is not in thy power, already art thou wedded, then what pretence haſt thou to a noble Paſſion:—If I encourag'd thy Addreſſes, or accepted thy Gifts, 'twas but to puniſh thy impudent Preſumption.—I rais'd thy hopes to make thy Fall from them at once more ſhocking, and receiv'd thy Preſents by way of Payment, for the pains I have taken to reform thee, which ſure, if not incorrigible, this Treatment will.—Go home, therefore, and reſolve if poſſible to be honeſt, and I will then eſteem and thank thee for the Benefits thou haſt conferr'd upon me; but till then, I look on them only as ſo many Baits to Shame, and given only to betray my Virtue.

'Twould be needleſs to ſay any thing of the Rage of this diſappointed Lover, the Reader will eaſily believe it was exceſſive; 'tis certain never Man had a greater Shock, and he teſtified his Senſe of it in  
the



the most bitter Expressions his Capacity would enable him to make; but all he said, having no effect on her, he fell into such railings and revilings, that she was oblig'd to bid him quit the House, and threaten'd that if he stay'd and continued his Incivilities, she would send for those should teach him better Manners.

Thus ended the Amour of old *Grub-guard*, and 'tis highly probable that after this he made an attack on no other Woman; for the Mortification he had receiv'd in this, joining with his Age and Infirmities, in a short time sent him to answer in another World the Errors he had been guilty of in this.

*Melladore*, being in a little time inform'd that *Glicera* was now the *Mortgagee* of his Estate, made use of all the Interest he had in the World, to raise Money to pay it off, having heard too much of the hatred she bore him, and was too conscious of the just Cause he had given her for it, not to expect she would treat him with the utmost Severity. But alas! tho' he had many Relations and Acquaintance, who had it in their *Power* to have oblig'd him, he found none who had the *Will*, and was now by sad Experience convinced that the Unfortunate have few Friends. All his endeavours proving unsuccessful, and his Wife still continuing  
her

her Extravagancies, drove him into the greatest Extremities to which a Man can be reduc'd.——He was obliged to live conceal'd in an obscure part of the Town to avoid being prosecuted for Debt ;——he was in want of almost every Necessary of Life,——and what was more terrible than all besides, Remorse and late Repentance lash'd his tormented Soul with ever-during Stings: He was now sensible of, and acknowledged in Agonies not to be express'd, the Justice of the divine Power in subjecting him to one he had so greatly wrong'd ; he saw the hand of Heaven was in it, and was so greatly humbled, that, as much enforc'd by his Grievs for the Baseness he had been guilty of, as by his Necessities, he writ the following Letter to *Glicera*.

*To the most deserving, yet most injur'd  
of her Sex, the Lovely GLICERA.*

“ L E T not the well-known Characters,  
“ which compose this Epistle, I con-  
“ jure you, put a stop to your perusal of  
“ it.——Believe me, you will find nothing  
“ in it of that Disposition which formerly  
“ made me blind to my own Happiness,  
“ and throw from me a Treasure I ought  
“ rather to have preserved at the hazard  
“ of



“ of my Life.——O *Glicera*! I have  
 “ greatly wrong’d you, I confess; nor do  
 “ I well know whether my Sorrows for  
 “ the Treatment I have given you, or for  
 “ the Misfortunes my Crime has brought  
 “ upon me, are the most prevailing in  
 “ my Soul:——Like the foolish *Indians*,  
 “ I have barter’d *Gold* for *Glass*, ex-  
 “ chang’d the *best* for one of the *vilest*  
 “ that ever disgraced the name of Wo-  
 “ man.——But I imagine not that my  
 “ Condition is unknown to you;——the  
 “ Pawn that you have in your hands, and  
 “ which gives you the power over the last  
 “ Stake of my ship-wreck’d Fortune, suf-  
 “ ficiently informs you to what a wretch-  
 “ ed State I am reduc’d.——I will not,  
 “ therefore, trouble you with a needless  
 “ recital of my Misfortunes, my Business  
 “ now is to implore your Mercy.——Yet,  
 “ Wretch that I am, how can I expect or  
 “ hope for pity from her who found it  
 “ not from me.——But Heaven, whom  
 “ daily we offend, is mov’d by Penitence  
 “ and Prayer; and *Glicera* had once so  
 “ much of the divine Nature in her, that  
 “ were I not abandon’d to Despair, and  
 “ self-condemn’d, I yet might have some  
 “ hope in her excelling Goodness.——I  
 “ cannot among the great Number of my  
 “ pretended Friends raise Money to re-  
 “ deem the Mortgage, nor any part of  
 “ I “ it;

“ it; and I am constrain’d to beg you  
 “ would be pleas’d to release so much of  
 “ the Land, as I can borrow on, a Sum  
 “ sufficient to buy a Commission in the  
 “ Army, and I will make over the Pay  
 “ to be receiv’d by you till the Debt be  
 “ discharg’d.—I long to expiate in fo-  
 “ reign Wars, the Crimes I have been  
 “ guilty of at home, and to leave a place  
 “ in which I have created to myself so  
 “ much Misery.—I have nothing to urge  
 “ in my Vindication, nor to move you  
 “ to a Grant of my Request:—I can  
 “ only say that I repent, am unhappy,  
 “ and wholly throw myself on your Good-  
 “ ness, which alone can preserve from a  
 “ miserable Death

*The guilty and undone*

MELLADORE.

P. S. “ I entreat the favour of a speedy  
 “ Answer; for if the hoped Relief ar-  
 “ rives not soon, it will be too late to  
 “ avert the impending and irretrievable  
 “ Ruin which hangs over my Head.

What more could the most implacable  
 Rage desire, than such a Humiliation! The  
 utmost Malice of the wrong’d *Glicera*  
 was now fully satiated; ample was the  
 Recompence which Heaven allow’d her  
 Injuries,



Injuries, and she acknowledged it, nor wish'd the Offender further Punishment. But tho' her Hatred ceas'd, she persever'd in her Resolution, never to forgive the Treatment she had received from him any otherwise than Christian Charity oblig'd her to do; some of her weak Sex would have again received the Traitor into Favour, and relapsing into the former Fondness by which they had been undone, have thought his Penitence a sufficient Atonement for the Ruin he had caused; but *Glicera* was not of this Humour: Not his most earnest Entreaties, (for after this he sent her several Letters) could prevail on her ever to see him more; she consented however, to let him raise the Sum he requested, which he immediately laid out as he had design'd, and soon after was commanded abroad, whence he return'd no more, being mortally wounded in the first Engagement. *Glicera* being in a State of happy Indifference, heard the News of his Death without any Emotions either of Joy or Grief: And having now a sufficient Competency to maintain her for her Life, gave over all Designs on the Men, publicly avowing her Aversion to that Sex; and admitting no Visits from any of them, but such as she was very certain had no Inclinations to make an amorous

rous Declaration to her, either on honourable or dishonourable Terms.

*Lapholia*, to whose Friendship and ready Wit she was chiefly indebted, for her good Fortune, continued to live with her in a fine House, which formerly belonged to *Melladore*, till the arrival of a young Gentleman to whom she had been a long time contracted, gave her a pleasing Opportunity of quitting her Society, and exchanging the Pleasures of a single Life, for the more careful ones of a married State. *Glicera* loaded her with Presents at her departure, and on all occasions since testifies a Joy, to express the Gratitude with which she regards her. Few Persons continue to live in greater Reputation, or more endeavour by good Actions to obliterate the memory of their past Mismanagement, than does this Fair Jilt; whose Artifices cannot but admit of some Excuse, when one considers the Necessities she was under, and the Provocations she received from that ungrateful Sex.



**F I N I S**



